KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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SYNOPSIS.

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high-minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy \$". On a wooded spot in the river's bed that would have been an island had the Missouri been at high water, he discovers a band of horse thieves engaged in working over brands on cattle. He creeps near enough to note the changing of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "J. R." brand. Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars" ranch is sent for by Williston and is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota, with impunity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great "Three Bars" ranch. Williston shows his reluctancy in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all the community. Langford pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and his gang to justice. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's little girl." Louise Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotahs," and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney. Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpen across the river from Kemah she is met by Jim Munson, a hot headed cowboy of the "Three Bars" ranch. In waiting for the train Munson looks at some cattle in the stock pen. In the herd being shipped to Sloux City by Bill Brown he detects old "Mag" a well known "onery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah, They take lunch at the Bon Ami restaurant, conducted by Mrs. Higgins, a great admirer of Richard Gordon, the county attorney. Louise is told of a meat polso

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued.

"Mrs. Higgins, at the Bon Ami," she continued, smiling. "I was so hungry when we got to Velpen, though I had eaten a tremendous breakfast at the Lazy S. But 5 o'clock is an unholy hour at which to eat one's breakfast, isn't it, and I just couldn't help getting hungry all over again. So I persuaded Mary to stop for another cup of coffee. It is rid eat in your country."

"It is a good country," he said, sob-"It must be-if you can say so.

"Because I have failed, shall I cry out that law cannot be enforced in Kemah county? Sometimes-may it be soon-there will come a man big enough to make the law triumphant. He will not be I."

He was still smarting from his many set-backs. He had worked hard and had accomplished nothing. At the last term of court, though many cases were tried, he had not secured one conviction.

"We shall see," said Louise, softly. Her look, straight into his eyes, was a glint of sunshine in dark places. Then she laughed.

"Mrs. Higgins said to me: 'Jimmie Mac hain't got the sense he was born with. His little, dried-up brain 'd rattle 'round in a mustard seed and he's gettin' shet o' that little so fast it makes my head swim.' She was telling about times when he hadn't acted just fair to you. I am glad-from all I hearthat this was taken out of his hands.'

"I can count my friends, the real ones, on one hand, I'm afraid," said Gordon, with a good-humored smile; "and Mrs. Higgins surely is the

"I am glad you smiled," said Louise. "That would have sounded so bitter

if you had not." "I couldn't help smiling. You-you

have such a way, Miss Dale." It was blunt but it rang true.

"It is true, though, about my friends. If I could convict-Jesse Black, for instance-a million friends would call me blessed. But I can't do it alone. They will not do it; they will not help me do it; they despise me because can't do it, and swear at me because 1 try to do it-and there you have the whole situation in a nutshell, Miss

The sun struck across her face. He reached over and lowered the blind. "Thank you. But it is "vantage in'

now, is it not? You will get justice before Uncle Hammond." shoulders Unconsciously his

"Yes, Miss Dale, it is "vantage in." One of two things will come to pass. I shall send Jesse Black over or-

he paused. His eyes, unseeing, were fixed on the gliding landscape as it appeared in rectangular spots through the window in front of them.

-" prompted Louise, "Yes. Orsoftly.

"Never mind. It is of no consequence," he said, abruptly. "No fear of Judge Dale. Juries are my Water-

"Is it, then, such a nest of cowards?" cried Louise, intense scorn in

her clear voice. "Yes," deliberately. "Men are afraid of retaliation-those who are not actually blood-guilty, as you might say. And who can say who is and who is not? But he will be sent over this time. Paul Langford is on his trail. Give me two men like Langford and that anachronism-an honest man west of the river-Williston, and you can have the rest, sheriff and all.

"Mr. Williston-he has been unfortunate, has he not? He is such a gentleman, and a scholar, surely."

"Surely. He is one of the finest fellows I know. A man of the most sensitive honor. If such a thing can be, I should say he is too honest, for his own good. A man can be, you know. There is nothing in the world

that cannot be overdone." She looked at him earnestly. His eyes did not shift. She was satisfied. "Your work belies your words," she

said quietly. Dust and cinders drifted in between the slats of the closed blind. Putting her handkerchief to her lips, Louise looked at the dark streaks on it with

reproach. "Your South Dakota dirt is so black," she said, whimsically.

"Better black than yellow," he retorted. "It looks cleaner, now, doesn't It?

"Maybe you think my home a fit dwelling place for John Chinaman,' pouted Louise.

"Yes-if that will persuade you that South Dakota is infinitely better. Are you open to conviction?"

"Never! I should die if I had to stay here." "You will be going back-soon?"

"Some day, sure! Soon? Maybe, Oh, I wish I could. That part of me which is like Uncle Hammond says, But that other part of me 'Stay.' which is like the rest of us, says, 'What's the use? Go back to your kind. You're happier there. Why



"I Shall Send Jessie Black Over-"

should you want to be different? What does it all amount to?' I am afraid I shall be weak enough and foolish enough to go back and-stay."

There was a stir in the forward part of the car. A man, hitherto sitting quietly by the side of an alert wiry little fellow who sat next the aisle, had attempted to bolt the car by springing over the empty seat in front of him and making a dash for the door. It was daring, but in vain. His companion, as agile as he, had seized him and forced him again into his place before the rest of the passengers fully understood that the attempt had really been made.

"Is be crazy? Are they taking him to Yankton?" asked Louise, the pretty color all gone from her face. "Did he think to jump off the train?"

"That's John Yellow Wolf, a young half-breed. He's wanted up in the Hills for cattle-rustling-United States court case. That's Johnson with him. deputy United States marshal."

"Poor fellow," said Louise, pityingly. "Don't waste your sympathy on such as he. They are degenerates-many of these half-breeds. They will swear to anything. They inherit all the thing beautiful and interesting in the evils of the two races. Good never mixes. Yellow Wolf would swear himself into everlasting torment for a pint of whiskey. You see my cause of complaint? But never think, Miss Dale, that these poor chaps of halfbreeds, who are hardly responsible, that of the parent. But this effect are the only ones who are willing to swear to damnable lies." There was a tang of bitterness in his voice. "Perjury, Miss Dale, perjury through fear but his offspring, if from an English of bribery or self-interest, God knows what, it is there I must break, I suppose, until the day of judgment, unleas-I run away."

Louise, through all the working of his smart and sting, felt the quiet reserve strength of this man beside her, and, with a quick rush of longing to do her part, her woman's part of comforting and healing, she put her hand, small, ungloved, on his rough coat

"Is that what you meant a while Tell me that you do not mean it, Mr. Gordon, please," she said, impulsively.

the hand where it had lain such a tor, who usually has the feelings of _"| brief, palpitating while, Gordon re his guests at heart"

mained silent. God only knows what human longing he crushed down, what intense discouragement, what sick desire to lay down his thankless task and flee to the uttermost parts of the world to be away from the crying need he yet could not still. Then he answered simply, "I did not mean it,

Miss Dale." And then there did not seem to be anything to say between them for a long while. The half-breed had settled down with stolid indifference. People had resumed their newspapers and magazines and day dreams after the fleeting excitement. It was very warm. Louise tried to create a little breeze by flicking her somewhat begrimed handkerchief in front of her face. Gordon took a newspaper from his pocket, folded it and fanned her gently. He was not used to the little graces of life, perhaps, but he did this well. An honest man and a kindly never goes far wrong in any direction.

"You must not think, Miss Dale," he said, seriously, "that it is all bad up here. I am only selfish. I have been harping on my own little corner of wickedness all the while. It is a good land. It will be better before long."

"When?" asked Louise. "When we convict Jesse Black and when our Indian neighbors get over their mania for divorce," he answered, laughing softly.

Louise laughed merrily, and so the journey ended as it had begun, with a laugh and a jest.

In the judge's runabout, Louise held out her hand. "I'm almost homesick," she cried,

smilling.

CHAPTER IX. The Attack on the Lazy S.

It was late. The August night was cool and sweet after a weary day of intense heat. The door was thrown wide open. It was good to feel the night air creeping into the stifling room. There was no light within; and without, nothing but the brilliant stars in the quiet, brooding sky. Williston was sitting just within the doorway. Mary, her hands clasped idly around knees, sat on the doorstep, thoughtfully staring out into the still darkness. There was a stir.

"Bedtime, little girl," said Willis-

"Just a minute more, daddy. Must we have a light? Think how the mosquitoes will swarm. Let's go to bed in the dark."

"We will shut the door, and next summer, little girl, you shall have your screens. I promise that, always providing, of course, Jesse Black leaves us alone."

Had it not been so dark, Mary could have seen the wistful smile on the thin scholarly face. But though she could not see it, she knew it was there. There had been fairer hopes and more generous promises in the past few years. They had all gone the dreary way of impotent striving, of bitter disappointment. There was little need of light for Mary to read her father's thoughts.

'Sure, daddy," she answered, cheer-"And I'll see that you don't for-As for Jesse Black, he wouldn't dare with the Three Bars on his trail. Well, if you must have a light, you must," rising and stretching her firmfleshed young arms far over her head. 'You can't forget you were born in civilization, can you, daddy? I am sure I could be your man in the dark, if you'd let me, and I always turn your night-shirt right side out before hanging it on your bedpost, and your sheet and spread are turned down, and water right at hand. You funny, funny little father, who can't go to bed in the dark." She was rummaging around a shelf in search of matches. "New, I have forgotten long since that I wasn't born on the plains. It wouldn't hurt me if I had misplaced my nightdress. I've done it," with a gay little laugh. He must be cheered up at all costs, this buffeted and disappointed but fine-minded, high-strung and lovable father of hers. "And I haven't taken my hair down nights since-oh, since months ago, till-oh, well-so you see it's easy enough for me to go to bed in the dark."

(To Be Continued.)

VARIETIES IN HUMAN SPECIES. Source of Everything That Is Beautiful and Interesting.

Each human being has something distinguishing, in form, proportions, countenance, gesture, voice-in feelings, thought, and temper, in mental as well as corporeal physiognomy. This variety is the source of everyexternal world-the foundation of the whole moral fabric of the universe. Certain external circumstances, as food, climate, mode of life, have the power of modifying the animal organization, so as to make it deviate from terminates in the individual. Thus, a fair Englishman, if exposed to the sun, becomes dark and swarthy in Bengal; woman, are born just as fair as he himself was originally; and the children, after any number of generations that we have yet observed, are still born equally fair, provided there has been no intermixture of dark blood.

"There is one good thing about the passing of the boarding house," said the sad-eyed man, "and that is, it has done away with the man who ostentstiously takes his medicine at the table. ago? But you don't mean it, do you? It is impossible for a man to do a It is bitter and you do not mean it. thing like that at a cafe. He would be ignominiously ousted, if not by the outraged guests, by the walter in Smothering a wild impulse to keep attendance or by the watchful proprie-

POPULISTS INDORSE BRYAN.

The Nebraska State Convention Names Delegates to St Louis-The Meeting Was Well Attended.

Omaha, Neb., Mar. 7.-With the largest number of delegates at any Nebraska Populist meeting for four years, the Populist State convention was called to order in Washington hall at two o'clock Thursday afternoon. Resolutions reaffirming the Omaha platform anunciated in 1892, and declaring for the support of Bryan by all Populists were passed, after which the convention listened to speeches of the true Populist brand made by different leaders, while the committee was preparing a platform flery enough for the old time Populists.

Hon. E. E. Thomas, of Omaha, was made permanent chairman of the convention, and in his speech of acceptance, said the platform adopted by the Republicans at Columbus, O., Wednesday, and by the Democratic convention in Omaha Thursday are both good Populist documents.

State Chairman Manuel spoke significantly in saying: "As a national organization I don't think we cut much figure, but as a state party we can materially assist at the election of Bryan as president."

After a debate lasting two hours, the convention decided to recognize the call of the national committee, and to send a full delegation to the Populist National convention at St. Louis. Thirty-neven delegates were selected for that purpose, and instructed to vote and work for the interest of W. J.

IOWA MINES SHUT DOWN.

Fifteen Thousand Miners of State Will Be Thrown Out of Employment After April 1.

Des. Moines, Mar. 5 .-- A complete shutdown of the coal mines in Iowa, worked by 15,000 miners is threatened The agreement now existing between the mine operators and the miners expires March 31, and because of the failure of miners and operators in Eastern states to reach an agreement last week it is probable that the miners and operators, who have heretofore followed the example of the Eastern states will not be able to make a new agreement before March 31. This would mean a discontinuation of work in every coal mine in Iowa and 15,000 men would be thrown into idleness.

The probability of the shutdown of the Iowa mines was discussed Tuesday night by John P. Reese, secretary and commissioner of the Iowa Coal Operators association.

Mr. Reese expressed the opinion that the mines would undoubtedly be shut down April 1. He declared that he could see nothing which could prevent it in the face of the failure of the Eastern miners and operators to

Custer's Messenger Dead.

Yonkers, N. Y., Mar. 7.-Thomas J. Callan, the man whom General Custer sent for reinforcements when his command was entrapped by Indians on the Little Big Horn river, in Montana, and who led a relief force back to the place where Custer and his men had been slaughtered, died at his home here Friday. Callan received a medal from congress in recognition of his bravery in making the dash for reinforcements for Custer. An overwhelming body of Indians had already surrounded Custer's troops when Callan was chosen to carry out the dispatch asking for help. He made his way through the Indian lines to the nearest military post and then headed the relief party on the long ride back to the scene of battle. They arrived too late however, the entire Custer command having been annihilated by the Indians. Callan left the army 28 years ago and since that time has been engaged in business here.

Johnson's Boom Launched. St. Paul, Mar. 7.-The Democratic state committee of Minnesota Friday afternoon, after a bitter fight, adopted a resolution indorsing Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota for the Demo eratic presidential nomination and recommending that he be named by the National convention at Denver next July.

MARKET REPORTS.

Live Stock

Kansas City, Mar. 7.—Cattle—Natives: Steers, \$4.55@5.75; cows and heifers, \$2.50 @4.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.25@4.80 64.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.2554.80; western steers, \$4.2565.50.8 Hogo-Bulk of sales, \$4.3064.45. Sheep-Muttons, \$4.6065.75; lumbs, \$6.2566.90. Chiengo, Mar. 7.—Cattle—Natives, \$4.1566.20; cows and helfers, \$2.0065.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.9064.50. Hogs-Mixed and butchers, \$4.35604.57. Sheep,

Mixed and butshers, \$4.50-64.57. Sheep, \$3.50-65.90; lambs, \$5.50-67.00.
St. Louis, Mar. 7.—Bec?—Steers, \$3.75-66.10; gtockern and feeders, \$2.75-64.50; cows and helfers, \$1.75-64.00; Texas steers, \$3.00-65.00. Hors—Pizs and lights, \$3.25-69. Sheep-Natives, \$3.25@5.00. Lambs Grain.

Grain.

Kandus City, Mar. 7.—Close. Whent—Unchanged to 1c lower. May, 95%; July, 87. Cash No. 2 hard, 97%@99%; No. 3, 97@109; No. 2 red, \$1.01%@1.02%; No. 3, 99@1.61. Corn—Unchanged to &c higher. May, 57%; July, 57%. Cash No. 2 mixed, 57%; No. 3, 57%; No. 3, 57%. No. 2 white, 57%@58; No. 3, 57%. Onts—Unchanged No. 2 white, 50@52; No. 3 mixed, 50. St. Louis, Mo., Mar. 7.—Close: Wheat—Strong to higher. Track No. 2 red, cash, \$1.05@1.06; No. 2 hard, \$1.02@1.05; May, 59%@1.00; July, 99. Corn—Strong, Track No. 2 cash, 51%; May, 69%. Onts—Pirm. Track No. 2, cash, 52%; No. 2 white, 55%; May, 51%. Chicago, Mar. 7.—Close: Wheat—May, 95%@93%; July, 93%; Sept., 90%@90%. Corn—May, old, 45%; Sept., 38.

Produce.

. produce. Kansas City, Mar. 7.—Eggs, 13½c per den Poultry—Heur, 9½c; springs, 10½g He; turkeys, He. Butter—Creamery, extrs, 30c; packing stock, 19c. Potnices, 10g75c per bu.



The Bald-Headed Man. He rubbed the cure-all on his dome, Massaged it thus and so, But still, despite the stuff he used, The hair refused to grow!

He bought a cap that fastened tight About his mobile brow. And then he pumped the ozone out! Said he: "I've got it now!"

Instead, his thatch got thinner yet.

'Twas shiny as a plate.

He shaved his head and rubbed it sore-Alas! No smile from Fate!

He spent a fortune buying cures That guaranteed to cure. Some days he knew 'twas coming in And others, wasn't sure! At last one day beside the road

He fell asleep, and lo! A pretty fairy rubbed his head And made his topknot grow! To find his dream at fault-A brindle cow had licked his crown,

Mistaking it for salt! And still his hair is falling out And still he's buying dope! wouldn't like to have his dome, But I'd like to have his hope!

0-0-0 Home Made Decelts. A plous fraud is reviled of all men.

Envy is the mother of petty criti-

Fidelity bought with money awaits only a higher bid.

☆☆☆ It is greater to grant a favor than to receive one. The excesses of yesterday rob to-

day of its average. Good fortune and good sense rarely

haul the same driver.

To-morrow is a fickle jade when it comes to redeeming her promises. An empty stomach would laugh at

the dyspeptic were it not so hungry. The fool has no monopoly. All places are more or less stocked with

his kind. Apprehension has caused more wakeful hours than all the real troubles of the world.

± ± ± the guest who knows how to make himself acceptable to both host and hostess is always doubly welcome. Never criticize a friend in public.

Praise him then, and wait for the privacy of his own room to tell him his faults. Freedom! Where have I heard that word before? How can a man be free

under the present system-and pay 38 cents a dozen for eggs? One of the best things for removing hair, superfluous or otherwise, is a wife with the temper of a bumble-bee

and the execution of a chicken-picker. Some men offer help to their fellow men as the hostler offers oats to a horse-with a halter in the hand be-

hind the back. Oftentimes those we consider our friends are merely friends of our good fortune, our pocket-book and our liberality. Misfortune and loss sifts them away to a few who are constant

000 Then and Now. They traveled to Niagara to see the Cave of Winds.

and true.

of Winds.

Twas on their honeymoon!
They thought 'twould be a Parad where they could tell their love And sit around and spoon!

But lo! They heard the thun'drous voice of Old Ningara In wild derision mock, Until he led her from the place, disgusted with it all-

He could not bear her talk! Since then, ah, many, many times, the groom has longed to go And hear the cavern mock— 'Tis said by those who ought to know sometimes he'd give a lot

To drown this woman's talk! 0-0-0 Indian Town Inklings. Last Friday Pottawatomie Squaw

they went Battle Creek. Sells their bas-ters in town.

Old Santa Claus he didn't go near in Indian Town this year.
Sam Nottawa he went to Bradley attending the Christmas day.
Old Meme Shawgoquette he is not been

well for several weeks.

Henry and Deafy they in among their tribe during the holidays.

Old Ah-she-da-yah-son his squaw she fell down from door step. She hurt

quite bit. quite bit.

Mrs. Julia Gwingnoo, of Toquinn, she
arrived last Saturday accompanied by
her sister Mary Pokagon. They call on
their mother, Mrs. Nezed Mackey. Me sah-ewh-me-nick-ake to you meck-se-nah-e-gehning Nogum Ke she-guk ah-pee-che pah-to-meeown eh goon emah ma-gwa-york ko-me-mah go-8 or 9 inch deph emah shah wa kah-me-gog me-ewh-

h yak no-go-ke-so-ke-pook. -AH-SHE-DA-YAH-SON, in the Ath-0-0-0

Asleep at the Switch. Eugene Wilder, veteran editor, ex-dia-trict clerk, ex-city clerk, clerk of St. John's Parish, was seen walking down Pearl atreet this morning in the direction of Jordivell's carrying a gallon jug. Where were the argus-eyed 'police'-Boulder (Colo.) Camera.

0-0-0 Competition. She didn't know whether she would or

not-She loved him a little bit, too! Then all of a sudden she answered yes To cut out a woman who knew!

Ryron Williams

A WELL MAN, AT 81.

The Interesting Experience of an Old Settler of Virginia.

Daniel S. Queen, Burrell Street,

Salem, Va., says: "Years ago while lifting a heavy weight a sudden pain shot through my back and after that I was in constant misery from kidney trouble. One spell kept me in bed six weeks. My arms

and legs were stiff and I was helpless as a child. The urine was discolored and though I used one remedy after another, I was not beloed until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and I was so bad then that the first box made only a slight change. To-day, however, I am a well man, at 81, and I owe my life and health to the

use of Doan's Kidney Pills." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ECONOMY CARRIED TOO FAR.

Old Man's Thrift That Led Him Into Ridiculous Action.

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell was discussing elective college courses, of which in the freshman and

sophomore years, he disapproves. "A freshman of 16 or 17," said President Schurman, "is too young to choose for himself the courses best

for him. His mind is not mature enough. It will make mistakes. "In its immaturity, its proneness to error, it is like the mind of an oid man in my native Freetown. He, though old, was mentally undeveloped, and saw nothing wrong or ridiculous

in a piece of economy that he put in practice in the cemetery. "The old man had lost four wives, and desired to erect for each a headstone, with an inscription commemora-

tive of her wifely virtues. "But inscriptions, he found, were very expensive. He economized in

this way: "He had the Christian name of each wife cut on a small stone above her grave-"Emma," "Mary." 'Edith." Under each name a hand pointed to a large stone in the center of the lot, and under each hand were the words:

'For epitaph see large stone.'"

MORE THAN LIKELY.



W. Willie-I see automobiles have been introduced in Borneo.

T. T. M .- What do you think will be the result? W. Willie-An increase in the num-

ber of wild men.

To Save Trouble. A Connecticut man tells of two Irishmen from Boston who, while driving through the state named, observed that many of the barns had weathervanes in the shape of huge roosters.

"Dennis," said one Irishman to the other, "can ye tell me why they always have a rooster an' niver a hin

on the top of thim barns?" "Sure," replied Dennis. "Its because of the difficulty they'd have in collicting the eggs.'

Always Time to Reform. No man is wholly bad, and in all lives some moments come when the vision presents itself of a worthier and happier life which might be lived. What is needed is courage to make the start, for, while life lasts, it is never too late.-E. C. Burko.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT.

Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines. A Penn. doctor brought a patient

something entirely different and the results are truly interesting. "Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of neute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things.

One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat, at last. "He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts, and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail.

but at last consented to try this new food. "Well! it surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My train was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued.

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.